NUMB. CCXCIX.

The SPECTATOR.

Malo Venuſinam, quam te, Cornelia, Mater
Graccharum ſi cum magnis virtutibus affers
Grande ſupercilium, & numeras in dote triumphos.
Tolle ſuum precor Annibalem victumque Syphacem
In caſtris, & cum totâ Carthagine migra. Juv.

Tueſday, February 12. 1712.

It is obſerved, that a Man improves more by reading the Story of a Perſon eminent for Prudence and Virtue, than by the fineſt Rules and Precepts of Morality. In the ſame manner a Repreſentation of thoſe Calamities and Misfortunes which a weak Man ſuffers from wrong Meaſures, and ill-concerted Schemes of Life, is apt to make a greater Impreſſion upon our Minds, than the wiſeſt Obſervations and Inſtructions that can be given us, for avoiding the like Follies and Indiſcretions in our own Behaviour and Conduct. It is for this Reaſon that I lay before my Reader the following Letter, and leave it to his Conſideration to make his own uſe of it, without adding any Reflections of my own upon the Subject.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

HAving carefully peruſed a Letter ſent you by Mr. *Joſiah Fribble*, Eſq; with your ſubſequent Diſcourſe upon *Pin-money*, I do preſume to trouble you with an Account of my own Caſe, which I look upon to be no leſs deplorable than that of Mr. *Fribble*. I am a Perſon of no Extraction, having begun the World with a ſmall parcel of Old Iron, and was for ſome Years commonly known by the Name of *Jack Anvil*. I have naturally a very happy Genius for getting Money, inſomuch that by the Age of Five and twenty I had ſcraped together Four thouſand two hundred Pounds, Five Shillings, and a few odd Pence. I then launched out into conſiderable Buſineſs, and became a bold Trader both by Sea and Land, which in a few Years raiſed me a very conſiderable Fortune. For theſe my good Services I was Knighted in the thirty fifth Year of my Age, and paſſed with great Dignity among my City-Neighbours by the Name of Sir *John Anvil*. Being in my Temper very Ambitious, I was now bent upon making a Family, and accordingly reſolved that my Deſcendants ſhould have a Dath of good Blood in their Veins. In order to this I made Love to the Lady *Mary Oddly*, an Indigent young Woman of Quality. To cut ſhort the Marriage Treaty, I threw her a *Charte Blanche*, as our News Papers call it, deſiring her to write upon it her own Terms. She was very conciſe in her Demands, inſiſting only that the Diſpoſal of my Fortune, and the Regulation of my Family, ſhould be entirely in her Hands. Her Father and Brothers appear'd exceedingly averſe to this Match, and would not ſee me for ſome time; but at preſent are ſo well reconciled, that they Dine with me almoſt every Day, and have borrowed conſiderable Sums of me; which my Lady *Mary* very often twits me with, when ſhe would ſhew me how kind her Relations are to me. She had no Portion, as I told you before, but what ſhe wanted in Fortune, ſhe makes up in Spirit. She at firſt changed my Name to Sir *John Envil*, and at preſent writes her ſelf *Mary Enville*. I have had ſome Children by her, whom ſhe has Chriſten'd with the Sirnames of her Family, in order, as ſhe tells me, to wear out the Homelineſs of their Parentage by the Father's Side. Our eldeſt Son is the Honourable *Oddly Enville*, Eſq; and our eldeſt Daughter *Harriot Enville*. Upon her firſt coming into my Family, ſhe turned off a parcel of very careful Servants, who had been long with me, and introduced in their ſtead a couple of Black-amoors, and three or four very genteel Fellows in Laced Liveries, beſides her *French*-woman, who is perpetually making a Noiſe in the Houſe in a Language which no body underſtands, except my Lady *Mary*. She next ſet her ſelf to reform every Room of my Houſe, having glazed all my Chimney-pieces with Looking-glaſs, and planted every Corner with ſuch heaps of *China*, that I am obliged to move about my own Houſe with the greateſt Caution and Circumſpection, for fear of hurting ſome of our Brittle Furniture. She makes an Illumination once a Week with Wax-candles in one of the largeſt Rooms, in order, as ſhe phraſes it, to ſee Company. At which time ſhe always deſires me to be Abroad, or to confine my ſelf to the Cock-loft, that I may not diſgrace her among her Viſitants of Quality. Her Footmen, as I told you before, are ſuch Beaus that I do not much care for asking them Queſtions; when I do, they anſwer me with a ſawcy Frown, and ſay that every thing, which I find Fault with, was done by my Lady *Mary*'s Order. She tells me that ſhe intends they ſhall wear

Sword-

'Swords with their next Liveries, having lately 'obſerved the Footmen of two or three Perſons 'of Quality hanging behind the Coach with Swords 'by their Sides. As ſoon as the firſt Honey-moon 'was over, I repreſented to her the Unreaſonable-'neſs of thoſe daily Innovations which ſhe made 'in my Family, but ſhe told me I was no longer 'to conſider my ſelf as Sir *John Anvil*, but as her 'Husband; and added, with a Frown, that I did 'not ſeem to know who ſhe was. I was ſurpri-'zed to be treated thus, after ſuch Familiarities as 'had paſſed between us. But ſhe has ſince given 'me to know, that whatever Freedoms ſhe may 'ſometimes indulge me in, ſhe expects in general 'to be treated with the Reſpect that is due to her 'Birth and Quality. Our Children have been train-'ed up from their Infancy with ſo many Accounts 'of their Mother's Family, that they know the 'Stories of all the great Men and Women it has 'produced. Their Mother tells them, that ſuch 'an one commanded in ſuch a Sea Engagement, 'that their Great Grandfather had a Horſe ſhot un-'der him at *Edgehill*, that their Unkle was at the 'Siege of *Buda*, and that her Mother danced at a 'Ball at Court with the Duke of *Monmouth*; with 'abundance of Fiddle faddle of the ſame nature. 'I was, the other Day, a little out of Countenance at 'a Queſtion of my little Daughter *Harriot*, who 'asked me, with a great deal of Innocence, why I 'never told them of the Generals and Admirals 'that had been in *my* Family. As for my Eldeſt 'Son *Oddly*, he has been ſo ſpirited up by his Mo-'ther, that if he does not mend his Manners I 'ſhall go near to diſinherit him. He drew his 'Sword upon me before he was Nine Years old, 'and told me, that he expected to be uſed like a 'Gentleman; upon my offering to correct him for 'his Inſolence, my Lady *Mary* ſtept in between us, 'and told me, that I ought to conſider that there 'was ſome difference between his Mother and 'mine. She is perpetually finding out the Features 'of her own Relations in every one of my Chil-'dren, tho', by the way, I have a little Chub-faced 'Boy as like me as he can ſtare, if I durſt ſay ſo; 'but what moſt angers me, when ſhe ſees me play-'ing with any of them upon my Knee, ſhe has 'begg'd me more than once to converſe with the 'Children as little as poſſibly, that they may not 'learn any of my awkward Tricks.

'You muſt farther know, ſince I am opening 'my Heart to you, that ſhe thinks her ſelf my ſu-'perior in Senſe, as much as ſhe is in Quality, 'and therefore treats me like a plain well-meaning 'Man, who does not know the World. She dic-'tates to me in my own Buſineſs, ſets me right in 'point of Trade, and if I diſagree with her about 'any of my Ships at Sea, wonders that I will diſ-'pute with her, when I know very well that her 'Great Grandfather was a Flag-Officer.

'To compleat my Sufferings, ſhe has teazed me 'for this Quarter of an Year laſt paſt, to remove 'into one of the Squares at the other End of the 'Town, promiſing for my Encouragement, that 'I ſhall have as good a Cock-loft as any Ge-'man in the Square; to which the Hono-'*Oddly Anville*, Eſq; always adds, like a Jack-'napes as he is, that he hopes 'twill be as n-'the Court as poſſible.

'In ſhort, Mr. SPECTATOR, I am ſo m-'out of my natural Element, that to recover 'old way of Life, I would be content to ha-'the World again, and be plain *Jack Anvil*, 'alas! I am in for Life, and am bound to S-'ſcribe my ſelf, with great Sorrow of Heart,

Your Humble Servant,

John Enville, &c.

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